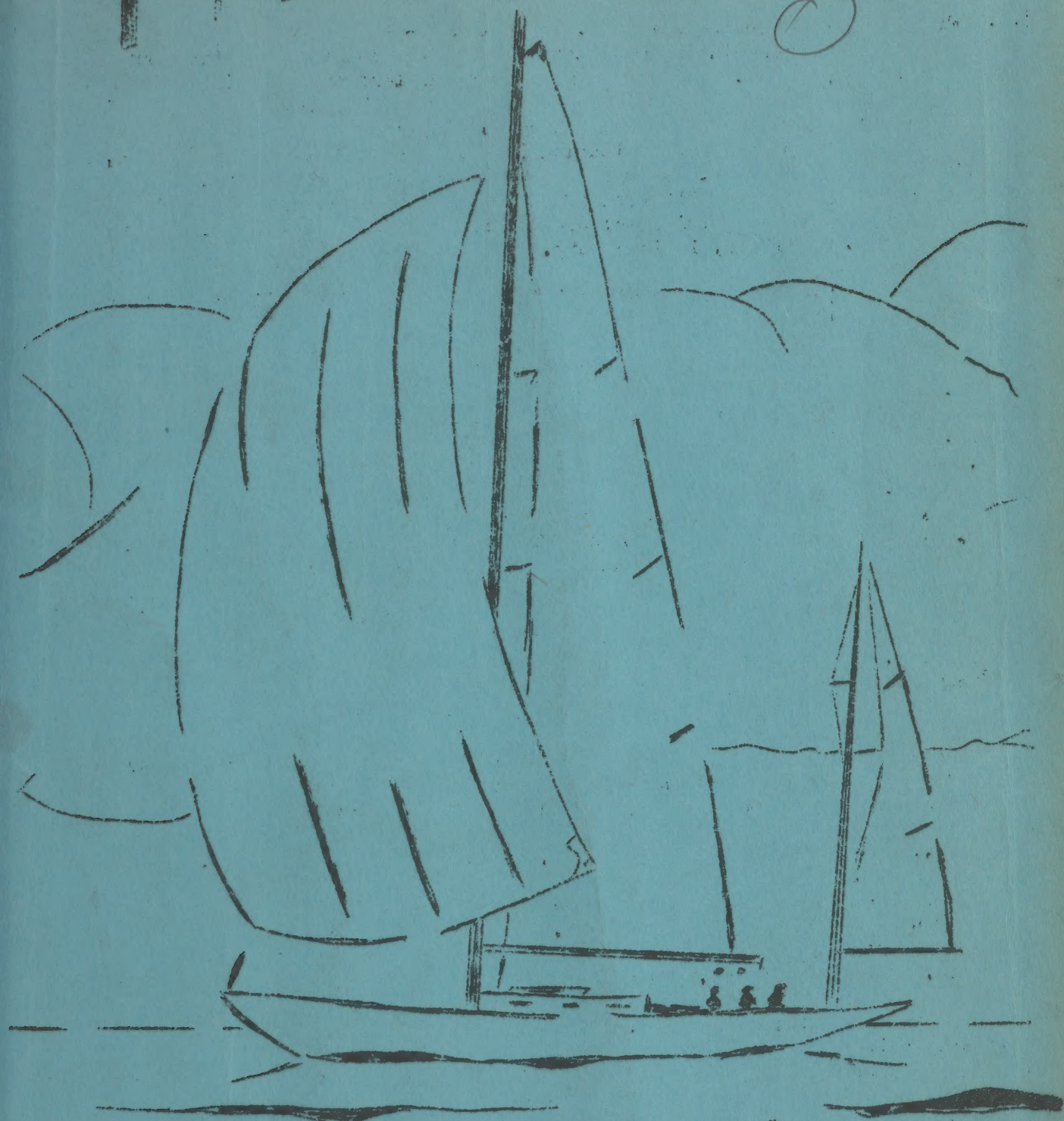


# TILTON TALK



VOL 4 NO 14

AUG 1, 1944

ARMY  
MEDICAL  
AUG 4 - 1944  
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-Phillips.



# TILTON TALK

APN-2-23-M

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The politicians, since time -- to coin a cliché -- immortal, are most active near election time "getting out the vote." That's when the ward heelers and the district bosses and "The Great McGinty" really get hustling and earn their keep for the year to come. Their efforts to remind citizens of their constitutional duties are not purely altruistic, it is true, but there is a measure of service in what they do. The Constitution of the United States grants its citizens many privileges; but the right to vote is more than a privilege, it is a duty.

In this presidential election year the politicians will not be able to reach some eleven million of us who are serving in the armed forces of our country. By Congressional decree the mechanics of voting will be handled for us by the state instead of the federal government and, although some of the state laws require us to initiate the request for a ballot, there is no reason for any of us to shirk the responsibility.

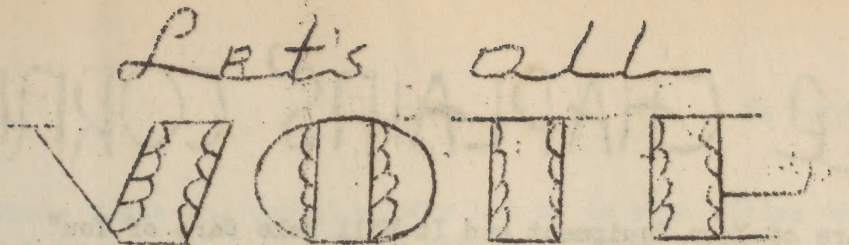
Ballots are the bullets of democracy. They are not doing much voting in Germany these days; that is the least of their troubles, but it is also an example of their ills. It is not to our credit to confess that so many of us voted in civilian life simply because of the proddings of a political procurer. Now is the time for an awareness of our civic duties and a will to fulfill them.

The late Will Rogers' comment on our country's military history - "The United States never lost a war and never won a peace" - stands as a challenge to the legislators who will hold office at the conclusion of this war. It is to our interests that these men be the most able in the land, and we can bring this about in only one way - by voting. We are letting down, not only ourselves, but our friends and relatives at home as well, by failing to get a ballot.

Too much stress can not be placed on the importance of this coming election. By the same token it is equally important that none of us adopt the "They won't miss my vote" attitude. They will miss your vote just as much as they will miss your support on the battlefield. Don't let your ballot go AWOL!

On the opposite page we are printing a general set of rules for getting the ballot. Study the instructions carefully and get to work on them immediately. Apply for your ballot today.





Here is the official election war ballot information that covers all states:

1. In order to vote by State absentee ballot, you must be eligible under the laws of your home state.
2. Your eligibility will be determined by local election officials on the basis of your age by 7 November (21 years old - 18 for Georgia citizens), citizenship, residence, war service status, and other factors.
3. Facts as to your age, citizenship, residence, and war service status will be sufficiently stated by completing your application for a State absentee ballot and any forms supplied by the State with such a ballot.

NEW YORK  
and  
NEW JERSEY

For a resident of the State of New York or the State of New Jersey it is necessary to obtain first a State absentee ballot. This may be done by filling out a post card supplied by the Army (USWBC Form No. 1) and mailing it to the Secretary of State, Albany, New York, or to the Secretary of State, Trenton, New Jersey (depending on where your home is) between now and 15 October. The Secretary of State will then send you an absentee ballot which you must fill out and return on or before 3 November. If you are an unregistered voter you will be required to complete an oath on the State war ballot envelope.

NOTE: The USWBC Form No. 1 post card may be obtained at the first sergeant's office, at the Red Cross, at the post office, or from Lt. Batchellor, Voting Officer, at Ward 27.



# The CHAPLAINS' CORNER

"Take Care of Your Equipment and It Will Take Care of You"

This is a well-known army maxim, one whose truth has been proved time and time again both in and out of battle. It is true for the soldier who carries a rifle, for the pilot who flies a million dollars worth of plane, for the radioman who manipulates a highly complicated and delicate instrument that searches out the unseen enemy. It is true for all these and for the millions of mechanics and workmen -- yes, even for typists and file clerks. The American soldier has learned and taken to heart this maxim, and he is the best equipped soldier in the world.

"Take care of your equipment and it will take care of you" is understood ordinarily as referring to physical, material things. It is equally true, however, in its application to two other types of equipment that a soldier has. The first is mental. The gun a soldier carries is worthless unless his mind knows how to direct his hands to use it. That million-dollar plane would be an easy target unless the pilot's mind is keen and trained and agile. Radar's message would be meaningless unless the operator has the intelligence to translate it and to decipher it. This mental equipment must be well taken care of - kept bright and polished and alert.

"Take care of your equipment and it will take care of you" refers finally to the second of the two types of equipment other than physical. I refer of course to that spiritual equipment that gives meaning and reason to the other two. The intangible courage that makes the man with the gun fight on, though weary and tired; the faith in himself and in his fellow-men because of his faith in God that enables that pilot to fulfill his mission and come back in the face of unbelievable obstacles; the hope that sustains the radioman, feeling as sure of his unseen Father in Heaven detected by his spiritual equipment as he is of the presence and eventual defeat of his unseen enemy detected by his Radar equipment; all these, like the other two, must be kept alive and vivid and keen. For just as the physical equipment is useless without an intelligence, (mental equipment) to employ it, so our mental and physical equipment are equally useless without the spiritual to guide and direct them.

"Take care of your equipment and it will take care of you". The Army's training program teaches a man to take care of his physical equipment. It teaches him how to use it and thus maintains his mental equipment. It supplies chapel and chaplains for his spiritual equipment, and urges that he use those too. One for all and all for one. That is the road to victory and lasting peace, peace for all mankind and the inner peace for every man that spells true happiness.

"TAKE CARE OF YOUR EQUIPMENT AND IT WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU."

*Samuel N. Sherman*



28 July, 1944

Dear Editor,

In a previous issue the question of what to do with Hitler and Germany after the war is was raised. Should we take revenge or forget and forgive?

As far as Hitler is concerned, we will not be in a position, in my opinion, to decide this question. No doubt, Hitler--if he is not killed by his enemies within Germany--will seek a martyr's death by self-destruction, possibly on the battlefield.

In our dealings with Germany, neither hatred nor sentimentality should govern our decisions. Our actions should be guided by utmost practicability and responsibility toward the world and us, so that a repetition of this crime of war is humanly impossible. The German people no doubt have good foundations, but they are diseased or drugged, and their drug is power and imperialism. This, in turn, is based on their industrial capacity. If we want a lasting peace we have to disarm Germany from the root up. Weapons are only secondary armament; industrial power is the actual weapon, which Germany has abused three times within the past 75 years. Here lies the root of the German disease of world domination.

If we spare German steel, aircraft and chemical industries, we will have to face another war in 15 or 20 years, only the weapons then will be tenfold again as effective and inhuman as those of today. Development of rocket power and molecular power, coupled with the fiendish devices for the extermination of men by gas or pestilence, will make this war look pale in comparison with what we will have to expect then. If the Allies, especially England and Russia, want to a void another more terrible war with Germany, they must completely and ruthlessly eliminate the German industrial machine.

In other words, no aircraft industry for Germany, no steel or any other metal industries. Chemical industry must be limited to only peaceful items. There are many peaceful industries for Germany to pursue: textiles, plastics, optical instruments, dyes, and many other craft suitable for export. Countries like Sweden and Denmark exist without heavy industries--and very well, at that.

But what about the German surplus population which is dependent upon extensive industrialization? Part of this surplus has already been greatly reduced by the years of war. Other parts could be re-settled in many countries of the world, especially in the eastern states of Europe, to help rebuild what the German military machine systematically and willfully depopulated and destroyed.

A Germany dominantly agricultural, with small industries and crafts, without the drug of imperialistic industrial power, might very well become again a cultural asset to the world--as in the days of Goethe and Beethoven and Thomas Mann and Albert Einstein.

(signed) Pvt. Heinz Gluckauf



# HI-YA...BUB!

TO YOU FROM OVER THERE

by Sgt. John E. Bray

Welcome, fellas, from o'er there,  
You who came on wing and prayer,  
Great to see you've crossed the foam,  
Swell to know you're safe at home!

To our mind, you're heroes all,  
Real men who have braved the squall,  
Soldiers, you sure need a rest,  
Tilton will give you the best.

Gosh, it must have been real tough,  
Working, sweating, in the rough,  
Yet you're here with heads up high,  
You've kept Glory in the sky!

Our best to our brave He-Men,  
You've done all you could, and when...  
You can open up your heart  
Tilton Talk will do its part.

Try to let the others know  
What our boys did in the "Show",  
How their brave and daring skill  
Helped our country climb that hill!

So, you fellas, for a while,  
Take it easy, reast, and smile,  
'Twon't be long now when it's done,  
Soon you'll all be having loads of fun!

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## NOMENCLATURE of a WEAPON

by 1st/Sgt. Weldon C. Larey

This GI, H-1, air-cooled, hand operated, long handled (wood or steel) screen attached, lustless, greaseless weapon, has a horse power of one bicep and operates on an octane of approximately 40 calories per day. Its capacity consists of as many of the enemy as can be concentrated in an area of 4" by 4" and is operated at three speeds: high, medium and low. It has a movable base and a range of approximately 2,376 centimeters. It is a deadly weapon in the hands of a marksman. Its main strength lies in surprise attack. The coach and pupil method is not necessary for instruction. The weapon, of course, is the common fly swatter.



## SIDELIGHTS

CNS

**INFANTRYMEN GET \$5 and \$10 RAISES IN PAY BOOST BILL.** - Combat infantrymen and those who wear the expert infantryman's badge won pay boosts recently when President Roosevelt signed a bill granting increases of \$10 to the former and \$5 to the latter, retroactive to last January 1st.

The bill, which was approved by Congress and signed by the President, makes all combat ground personnel eligible for the extra pay, but as yet the WD has not set up a system comparable to the awarding of combat and expert infantrymen badges in any other branch.

Officials have said that 75% of the Army's infantrymen will qualify for the increase.

Other men in line for extra pay are members of military and naval glider units, who, under another bill signed by the President, will receive a 50% increase when an executive order defining the terms of the raise is issued by the President. Officers, warrant officers, nurses and enlisted men "who participate in regular and frequent glider flights" will be eligible to receive the increase when the order is issued.

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**BUS DRIVER KNEW HIS TRAFFIC LAWS:** (London) - J. Edward Murray, United Press correspondent, was riding down the street in a bus here when a 200-pound "Doodlebug" bomb came whistling up the street - aimed straight at the bus.

The driver stopped his bus, waited patiently as the bomb passed overhead, missing his vehicle by a fraction. As soon as he regained his composure, Murray turned to the driver:

"Why did you stop?" he asked.

"Had to," the driver replied. "Red light."

\*\*\*

**HE DIDN'T GO BACK AND APOLOGIZE, EITHER:** (France) - Pfc. G.C. Smith, of Tennessee, leading scout for a rifle squad, inched himself forward 150 yards at H-Hour. He saw an enemy soldier near a hedge. Smith shot him, then wiped out a German machine gun nest.

Smith looked around, wondering why no American comrades were near, then realized that he was alone in an enemy outpost area. So he inched his way back to his own line and demanded why the rest of the squad hadn't joined in the attack.

"It hasn't started yet," he was told. "You must have got your signals mixed."

\*\*\*

**BOY OFFERS FAIR SWAP: GOLF BALLS FOR GUM** (England) - Seeking golf balls, an AAF lieutenant filed an ad in an English paper. He received this reply: "Dear American officer. I am Peter Turner, aged 9. I will trade my four golf balls for two packages of candy or chewing gum. If you fly a B-1 or B-24 you can have them for nothing."

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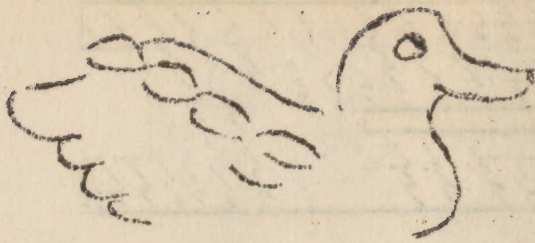
**SKIPPER SAVES HIS SHIP WITH BATH IN SEA:** (Farragut, Idaho) - How the skipper of a destroyer saved his blazing ship by giving a bath in the wake of the aircraft carrier Enterprise, was described by Thomas Russell, BM1c, formerly a gun captain, and now a patient at the naval hospital here.

The destroyer, said Russell, caught fire when attacked by Jap planes. Its skipper swung into the wake of the Enterprise and manoeuvred his ship so that it rocked heavily, dipping its sides and decks into the sea on one side and then on the other. Finally the fire sizzled out and the destroyer moved back into position.



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QUACK-QUACK

The monthly Staff Dinner was as usual a big success. The Staff is growing by leaps and bounds - so much so that HEALY has to use reams of crepe paper these days instead of yards. MARY CONLEY, ANNE HANNA, and STELLA HERMANN were "up from the shore" with enviable tans. Most of the new duty officers and their wives were present and seemed to take to the Tilton revelry. There was professional entertainment by Mr. McQuire, the maestro of the sleight of hand (the only one able to put anything over on the COLONEL) and Bill Sims, the king of the after dinner prevaricators....JOE BROWN made a natural stooge for Mr. McQuire while BETTY WETZEL is still dubious about that mathematical fact. The food was excellent, the music divine, and the company, of course, the BEST.....a good time was had by ALL

\* \* \*

The WOODRUFFS have done it again and it aint no roentgenogram but could be a roentgenologist! It's a BOY born on the 22nd of July who answers to the name of Stephen. Now WOODY can get back to normal - who said that???????

\* \* \*

JOHNNY HERMANN has nosed his father out of first place as Tilton's genial host. Johnny has the situation well in hand at the Hermann's summer retreat at Deal. Although six years short of the draft age Johnny is a man of vast experience when it comes to MIXING, repartee, and gin rummy. He is also vieing for a seat among the Quiz Kids 'cause he knows all the answers.

HUGHIE HERMANN also knows a few answers, particularly when it comes to horses. He is a man of means since that Daily Double came in, and even his Pop can't figure out that answer!

\* \* \*

#### The \$64.99 QUESTION??????

Is that parking place in front of Headquarters worth it to Lt. Colonel ALEXANDER MILLER who for six daze has been our CO.....

\* \* \*

'Tis farewell we'll soon be abiddin' to BILL HAYWARD, a swell feller. We hate to see you go, Bill, but don't think it aint been charmin'!



YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU OR CONFUSION REIGNS  
(Apologies to everybody)

Oh, do you remember the good old days  
When "to merge" was simply a phrase.....

When we frolicked between Barracks 1 and 2  
When there were no patients, and nothing to do.....

When the boys walked out in HERMANN'S sport jacket  
When FREDIANI furnished all the racket.....

"Coach" HERMANN'S Tilton, Tigers had time for ball  
You knew everyone you met in the hall.....

SI KATZ talked of obstetrics he once did a lot of  
The WAC hadn't even been thot of.....

Vacations were there for all who could afford  
All the NP cases were on the locked ward.....

SOL H. had his whisper and MOE had his mumble  
WEITZ and RUBE MILLER gave the nurses a tumble.....

SANNER was making the "Deacon go Down"  
Alouette FLANDERS was playing the clown.....

SCHULTZ was enamored of Frances Smith  
ERROL FLYNN was then not sure who to go with.....

HEALY had time for shooting and draping  
There wasn't so g.d. much red taping.....

You had to look high and low for a cynic  
WOODY had only one X-Ray Clinic.....

BUD TURNBULL borrowed all the clothes in sight  
And frequented the nurses' home at nite.....

"ACE" DUNLAP was thrilled by a P-38  
There were seats in the Mess Hall even tho' you were late.....

STEVE MARTIN cleaned the OR Friday, all day  
We had Section 8 but no Section A.....

Inspectors were welcome at any time  
Tilton always shone like a new dime.....

There was poker and golf and swimming and tennis  
Before the MERGER became a menace.....

FITZGERALD'S by-word "we do have fun"  
Is NOW only an expression to everyone.....

But leave us leave the rest unsaid  
Leave us please have PEACE instead.



# My Name IS WILSON

by Pfc. Aldred Palca

(An Army officer from the War Department in Washington was sent out to various camps on a Sex Morality lecture tour before enlisted men last winter. As sometimes happens, an error was made in the schedule and the officer found himself one afternoon before a detachment of 75 Wacs. An officer and a gentleman always, he gulped in dismay several times and stepped up to the speakers' rostrum.)

Good afternoon, ladies and gen--Good afternoon! My name is Wilson, I'm from the War Department. I've been sent down from Washington to teach you a few things about--well, not exactly to teach you.....that is.....to show you a few....What I mean is..

My name is Wilson, I'm from the War Department. I've been sent down from Washington to speak to you about, ah, social hygiene. Yes, social hygiene. (Pours water from pitcher on rostrum and spills some on his tie as he gulps it down.)

Now, where were we? Ah, yes. I'm sure all of you have thought at one time or another about social hygiene. We all think about social hygiene. Some of my best friends think about social hygiene. I myself have been thinking about social hygiene a good deal during this lecture tour. Social hygiene (he has a far-away reminiscent look in his eyes) is a good thing. (He sighs deeply, then brings himself down to earth again.)

I have a little anecdote which I usually tell the men that illustrates the importance of social hygiene admirably. It seems a farm boy from Iowa was called for induction into the Army and was sent to a nearby camp for his physical. He passed everything with flying colors until he got to the psychiatrist. The doctor looked at the young farm boy carefully. "Tell me, Jones," he said, "have you ever been----

My name is Wilson, I'm from the War Department. (He is at a complete loss for words at this moment. He grasps at an old GI straw.) Are there any questions? (No answer).

Let's look at it this way. You go on a date with a fellow. You sit down in the parlor, perhaps, when you come home from the movies. He puts his arm around your shoulders and he pulls you closer to him. He looks deep into your eyes and then he softly whispers....(He is in the mood)....he very softly whispers....

.My name is Wilson, I'm from the War Department. Are there any questions? (No answer.) In that case, I will continue. (He is a very unhappy man at this point.)

May I digress for just one moment to comment on the beauty of your well-kept detachment area? (No answer). Ah, thank you. The area is very well kept. In fact, it reminds me of the first rifle issued to me when I entered the service. It was a U.S. rifle, caliber .30, M1903, breech-loading magazine of bolt type. Popularly referred to as Springfield rifle. Weighs approximately 8.69 pounds with an additional pound for the bayonet. The ammunition is loaded in clips of five rounds and the ammunition bandoleers have six pockets with a total capacity of 60 rounds. (Deep sigh of satisfaction). Yes! (Looks at his audience, slightly bewildered).

In conclusion, I would like to say that.....I would like to, ah, emphasize that.. uh....My name is Wilson, I'm from the War Department!





# RED CROSS NEWS

We thought you'd like to know that your Red Cross is keeping up with all of Tilton's "face lifting" and expansion, so we're going to introduce, right here and now, some most attractive Red Crossers who are part of the greater Tilton staff. (We guarantee you'd like to meet them too!)

To care for all the "extra special" things you men would like, Red Cross is maintaining three Red Cross houses. Of course one is right here at the new Surgical Section of Tilton and the other two are over at the Medical Section of Tilton. To keep enough gals in all these divisions, it wasn't uncommon to see the Red Cross car "streaking" back and forth between the Medical and Surgical Sections at almost any hour, or, even for a while, "us girls" tripping over each other trying to find our new places.

One of the first "trippers" was attractive Miss Florence Levy, one-time assistant Field Director at old Tilton, who is now Case Work Supervisor for the entire Red Cross Unit and can be found at Red Cross House #1, in the Medical Section.

That very vivacious, dynamic personality, Miss Dorothy Taaffe is the new Head Recreation Worker in charge of all these Red Cross Halls.

Our own beloved "Shep" has become Miss Helen Shepard now, for she's the new Assistant Field Director over at House #2 in the Medical Section.

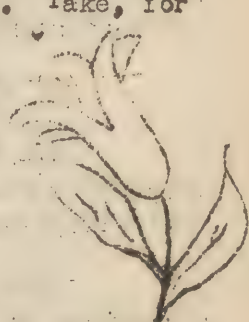
Miss Catherine Wobus is that capable Psychiatric Social Worker for the new Tilton-Red Cross set-up.

The Medical Section certainly has its share of earnest Red Crossers. Take, for instance, pleasing Clara Simen, who is Senior Recreation Worker at House #2, or, understanding Audrey Gauthier, who is a Social Worker at this unit. Then there is that lovely blonde, Esther Bauhan, who is a Social Worker Staff Aide, and Kay Coupar, the petite red-head in charge of Red Cross trips, and Mazzie Clark, the peppy Recreational Staff Aide. The personality girl is Miss Virginia Ford, Senior Recreation Worker at House #1 of the Medical Section.

As you can see, they are a pretty grand group of people and we know you'd like to add them to your Red Cross friends.

After letting you in on all these new friends, you'd probably like to know that your favorite Red Cross girls are still "on the job" here at Red Cross Hospital Headquarters in the Surgical Section, where you'll find the office of Miss Mary Hannigan, our most capable Field Director.

The latch string is out, so come on over to any of the Red Cross Center where we are more than ready to see you all.





# W H I S P E R S -

S/Sgt. Eddie Judge

The reason for the many <sup>49</sup> on the ramp around 5:00 PM is the passing by of Virginia Sereno.... Vedly, veddy nice!....

Maybe this will "hype up" the patients...Sam Ruhl and Harry Brooks, at the TGH Farm, have done all the cultivating, plowing, weeding and spraying... And a good deal of the picking... Without casting any aspersions on Captain Springer's article in the last issue, "If the patients do much of anything there it is by 'invisible men in red suits'....Let's give credit where credit is due... (Exeunt omnes.)...

Pearl Jackson on the ramp, "Deep In A Dream" with ?????....

That "dream drawing" of Ely Friedman's in the last issue, of a swimming pool almost became a reality some two years ago when the Special Service Officer, Major Katz, submitted plans for one... Channels and that colored "tape" nixed the whole project...

Another "First" for Tilton....On July 21st Major Katz (isn't he versatile!) delivered the first baby at TGH...A fine boy for the Charlie Fox's...(Charlie is a member of the Detachment.)...

Why does June Lentz have such an aversion to dancing a waltz??...

Jeannette Feldscher is a wee bit puzzled about the hotel situation.... Can't understand why one can't check in without luggage even if one is only going to spend a night or a week-end.... 'taint worth it, is it Jeannette?...

Is that a romance brewing between Liz Cannon and Floyd Spencer??...

Not that we mean to eavesdrop...(sic)... But wasn't that an "itty bitty baby talk routine" going on between Danny Manfredo and Ruth Sullivan?...('oo two are weally goin' weal steady now, aren't oo?)...

That was really somethin' the other AM at Reveille... The most "natural" formation we've had yet... Ask Captain Fineman...

Ray Williams back in form again after divorcing his appendix....

Wonder how "Amigo" Al Ciaburri is doin' at OCS?...Haven't heard from Al, Tom Bender or Harry Wiseman, but guess they are too busy to write...Their address is Class 33, M.A.C., O.C.S., Camp Barkeley, Texas, in case you want to drop 'em a line of encouragement...

A BOKAY to Nick Gentile for his job on the C.O.'s Office.... Nick really went to town on this job, and Captain Messey's Office is worth a look-see... Vince Clark made all the cut-outs in the panels for the wall sockets and window frames....



Hair by hair Joe Rosoff is slowly losing part of his curly "toupe".... Trying to figure out who goes on what emergency when, and listening to so many reasons why men can't pull emergency what night for this reason and that....

Mike McCarroll has been custodian of his dog, "Pal", while his better half enjoys the seashore.... Remember when Mike "acquired" Pal?.... The little pup just walked in and "adopted" Mike some five months ago....

Speaking of dogs..."Dopey", our well-named mascot, "blitzed" a groundhog under one of the tents the other day...."Dopey" managed to dig his way under the tent, but John Frame, Clarence Stevens and yours truly, (at the cost of a nice clean shirt) had to shore up the tent to get him out with his victim....

Get Jack Sheehan to play his piano masterpiece, "The Lost Discord".... Any piano will do.... Sheehan will ruin it in one session....

"Casey" Casserino did duty twice in a row as model for sketch artists on two recent shows.... On one of the shows the model and artist were just about the same weight.... And that is plenty of weight, brother!....

Speaking of "billing": Get a load of the fancy name plates on Capt. Rubin Miller's desk... The work of Occupational Therapy wood carving artists....

Try to get down to Tilton-A's Outdoor Theatre for a treat to the eyes and ears.... In conjunction with the Air Base, regular USO-Camp Shows Units are presented there.... One of the features of all shows is the Air Base Orchestra, and it is considered one of the best.... Captain Ave, Special Service Officer of the Air Base, is co-operating one hundred percent in presenting shows booked for the Base at the Outdoor Theatre.... Many thanks, Captain....

Welcome Dept.: To Miss Dorothy Taaffe, Red Cross Recreational Chief, a veddy charming new addition to the Recreational Staff at Tilton.... Hope we'll have a full program for the patients, Dorothy.....

It won't be long now before the handball courts are completed, so all you rugged outdoor enthusiasts can knock yourselves out....

As soon as the weather permits we'll have our regular monthly dances.... We're looking forward to having the WAC and Enlisted personnel of Tilton-A with us....

'BYE NOW..... BUY BONDS.



# WHY MEN GET SECTION

# 8

by Pfc. Ed Flatto

NEWS ITEM: The War Dept. encourages civilians to write "newsy" letters to the service men overseas to keep up their morale.

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Dearest John:

I'm still working for the good ol' Acme Defense Plant and we now sponsor a full hour radio program with the biggest stars in radio to get people to apply for a job here. We have managed to recruit two new men this month, but one has threatened to quit unless the boss apologizes for raising his voice to him after he ruined a \$5000 die by dropping it. We have music while we work and have a band and other entertainment during our lunch hour to keep up our morale. However, the food is simply terrible. They made us eat chicken instead of steak twice this week and offered the excuse that our meat is being shipped to you boys and Russia. I already left word that if conditions don't improve within twenty-four hours -- I'll QUIT.

Yesterday I went to the movies and saw "Out There in the Pacific", and it sure made me feel blue being reminded of you. However, a handsome lieutenant sitting next to me assured me you were all right. He was AWFULLY nice to me and he even invited me to his room to see his nylon stockings. I almost went, but your friend, Bill, who was deferred because of his punctured ear drum promised to take me out in his new car. He says he can get all the gas he wants but has some difficulty in getting new tires. He certainly made me feel at home and it suddenly made me realize how nice your friends were.

I know that you boys deserve the best, so if you will send me a written requisition signed by your Commanding General and approved by the War Department I shall be delighted to send you a stick of gum, which is very difficult to get now.

Your Loving Wife.

P.S. The allotment check came two days late this month. Why is this permitted?

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## THE WORM ALWAYS TURNS

Just about two years ago this summer Adolph Hitler delivered his ultimatum: "I give the world twenty-four hours to get out!" And now the German Army is advancing to Berlin....from three directions. We look forward to the day when Adolph and a few hand-picked generals will be defending their last piece of territory--the latrine at Berchesgaden.....The worm turns!





# O.T. NEWS

By Pfc ELY H. FRIEDMAN

A charming new member of the "fairer sex" has recently joined the O.T. Staff. She is Miss Betty Beatty, tall, blonde, blue eyes, phone number \_\_\_\_\_ - you'll have to get it yourself, fellows. She's from Phila., and is a graduate of the Philadelphia School of Occupational Therapy.

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The first mural for the recreational hall has been finished and will soon appear in the place intended for it. It's the product of a number of patients, ably guided by the artistic hand of Mrs. GYNETH BROWN, a recreational worker of the Princeton Chapter, Red Cross. The second one has already been started and there will be many more to follow.

\*\*\*

Harry Brooks and Sam (V8) Ruhl, our two capable farmers who have planned and cared for Tilton's Farm since its very beginning, report that the recent drought has robbed the farm of some fine produce. Hold on, fellows, we'll overcome the vagaries of nature with that new irrigation system just installed.

\*\*\*

S/Sgt. Joe Milillo and Pfc. Harry Dobies of Ward 33 are the inseparable twins seen daily at the workshop. Besides the fine hand-made products they turn out, they really are a funny comedy team.

\*\*\*

Cpl. Steve Marzsa, Ward 34, and Pvt. William Boigt, Ward 35, a pair of master radio mechanics, have already repaired their umpteenth set. They do it by trial and error, having no meters or testers to use, and it's really swell to see the grand job they are doing. Sure wish we could get them some testing apparatus.

\*\*\*

Several beautifully chip-carved picture frames were turned out recently by Pvt. Thomas Gallagher, Ward 24. He certainly hasn't permitted that hand tied behind his back to interfere. Good work, fella, keep it up!

\*\*\*

A new symphony has been composed by the patients in the workshop. One can hear melodious tones almost any time within the walls of the shop.

It's a "busy symphony" originating from the varied activities of the patients. Harken to the basic tones of the saws - all types and sizes, intermingled with those of the rasps as they glide quickly over a shiny piece of plastic or vibrate the sturdy grains of a piece of oak or maple.

The steady beat of the hammers gives it rhythm that's catching, and the occasional supersonic tones that spring from many radios being repaired really produce a fine symphony, music that is truly heartwarming and inspiring.

This masterpiece is the product of our men, many home from the front, bearing signs of battle and clearly showing that truly American spirit of never giving up under any handicaps.

It's the same spirit they displayed in battle and we say "Thank God for them" and "God Bless them".

\*\*\*

## SURE CURE FOR A BORING EVENING:

Try your hand at some wood-chip carving. It's quite easy and all you need is a piece of wood and a single-edged razor blade. You'll be surprised to see what swell picture frames you can make, and if you need an inspiration, drop into the shop and we'll give it to you for free.



# Wactual Facts

By Dec/5 Pearl I Jackson

Few of us will forget July 1944. It was a month of events, both world-shaking and Tilton-trembling. In order of importance (and this, I suppose, is open to hot and heavy dispute) we shall now list these events, so that those of us who are sentimentally inclined and keep memory books may clip these pages, paste 'em in, and some day in the peaceful future, when enjoying the luxuries of dotage, may be assisted in our reminiscences.

The valiant Russian armies advance along the entire front, liberate the last Russian city in the hands of the Hun, and are now a formidable menace upon Berlin. Hints of revolution within Germany are strong, and a purge of hundreds of army officers indicates internal deterioration. An unsuccessful attempt upon the life of Herr Hitler gives credence to the ancient theory that only the good die young.

Tojo landed on his ear (?), along with the entire Japanese cabinet. The score is now two down and one to go. Benito was the first of the unholy three to bite the dust, and the paperhanger's intuition rapidly fails him.

Here in the States, the Republican and Democratic conventions are held, and the tickets are led by Dewey-Bricker and Roosevelt-Truman respectively. Chicago has a taste of old times.

The strategic base of Saipan falls to our forces, and everywhere in the Pacific the war against the Nipponese is being pressed successfully.

Our most reliable news analysts predict the total defeat of Germany by September 15th, with the Japs folding up within the ensuing six months. However, the detrimental effects of over-optimism are emphasized repeatedly.

Heat wave follows heat wave. If you're the sort that derives satisfaction from omens, -- July of 1918 was terrifically hot and humid. Browns Mills did a rushing business. Everyone perspires profusely, and salt tablets are the thing.

Revolutionary changes occur here at Tilton. We consolidate with Station Hospital, greatly increasing our size and confusion. Many of our old regulars are transferred over to the Annex, but they return to visit us frequently. You know, the familiar old lure. All griping aside, Tilton's not such a bad place. The food is good, and you can get to New York in less than two hours.

The rumor concerning the eventual enlargement of our P.X. again makes the rounds. It is even whispered that plush seats, a circular bar, air-conditioning, free canapes, a merimba band, table service, a powder room, and indirect lighting are being contemplated. The boys who did El Morocco and the Stork Club will be contracted to draw up the plans. All this and no couvert.

Sgt. Judge introduces several new anecdotes.....Frankie Carlo and his band stage one of the best shows ever presented in our outdoor theatre.....Sgt. Pels buys a beer!!!.....Earl and Smitty find each other, as do Spence and Liz Cannon.... still no passes, no furloughs, no nothin'.....Larry Becker survives the entire month sans a new romance.....Tom Barr creates a sensation rattling down the street in a Ford of vintage 1915, thrusting his foot out the door as an emergency brake....



Private McCarthy takes unto herself a husband.....much group singing in the evenings, with the trend veering toward hymns and cowboy ballads, all maudlin and sentimental, but nice.....many new arrivals in the Men's Detachment, with a preponderance of stripe-laden arms (gripes and grouses).....Buckets of tears shed in Theatre #3 at the showing of "White Cliffs of Dover", and even strong men like Bray and Silverstein emerge misty-eyed.....the password becomes: "Stationed at Station, or wiltin' at Tilton--same church, different pew".....

We all learn to shudder at the sound of the word "emergency", and few there are who weren't yanked out of bed at the ungodly hour of 0300 to pull emergency somewhere in Tilton's vast confines.....the new R. & D. Office, Dispensary and Registrar's Office open their portals, and linoleum is laid in the wards and Rec Hall, adding to the general confusion....the old order changeth.....

Plans are inaugurated for the formation of a Tilton Alumni Association, which is to convene bi-annually after the war, with a major convention every five years of all chapters. To be eligible for membership, one must have been a medic stationed at TGH for a period of one year. Yes, it's co-ed. Danny Grecca is appointed temporary secretary of the New York-New Jersey contingent.

No more loitering permitted on the ramp between Barracks 5 and 6.....Orientation films again, oh joy.....the "Milkman" song goes the rounds.....Pvt. Warne blossoms forth in a crew cut.....Pfc Ely Friedman's disposition sweetens noticeably.....Sgt Perlmutter smiles.....the P.X. runs out of beer one Wednesday evening, leaving several hundred frustrated souls high and dry.....Sgt Marcus dispenses fatherly advice to victims of unrequited love.....Pvt Guenther goes to work at the Information Desk.....Pvt Pennington arrives in our midst.....

Sgt Norvell gives someone the mail at 11:44, and suffers conscience pangs.....Cpls Lynch and Manthorne become well-acquainted with the Orderly Room.....Cpl Moran confesses that he did guard duty in the Spanish-American War.....Sgt Vladiki and Cpl. Massam share a room at the Annex.....Sgt Rancey and Pvt Rubenstein hospitalized again.....Cpl Ives discovers she's fickle-hearted.....Polly Johnson visits her Dad, back in the States after two years of overseas service.....

Sgt Sachs and his Dental Clinic entourage do a great job over at the Annex....Sgt Holzapfel smokes his pipe and waxes philosophical.....Communications from Charlie Salvage out in the State of Washington reveal that he's "in love with a girl named Tilton".....Pfc Palca joins Tilton's wits.....Camels become scarcer..Chewing gum at a premium.....ditto Kleenex.....Sgt Schmidt still in a hurry.....

Cpl Casserino adds another pound.....Pvt Hess is transferred to California and Pvt Sebastian to Oglethorpe.....New faces and more new faces, and an abundance of overseas ribbons.....Remember the day when you knew everyone's name?.....Cpl Tenk blows a sour note at Reveille one morning and convulses the Wac Detachment.....Sgt Korfler and Pvt Breiner still very much interested in each other.....

Gigs and restrictions, but that's the Army.....Major Katz delivers a lecture one afternoon.....Tilton's bi-weekly swimming parties are popular and hilarious, and G.I. trucks become a preferred means of transportation.....the days are long, and we wake up tired, but July is a wonderful month, isn't it? Let's hope this is the last July to be spent in khaki.....there's nothing wrong with Brooklyn.....

May we humbly submit our contribution in the "last line" contest of the previous issue of TT, and claim the 3-hour pass awarded as first prize:

Please tell dear Mr. Hitler  
Tonight at his English class,  
That he can take his generals  
Und PUT THEM UNDER GLASS!!!





## Tilton-Station Merger

Quite suddenly Tilton General Hospital became larger, and in its great expansion brought new people, nice people; and we are happy to be larger but still one big family. Perhaps such congeniality can only be attributed to our being in the Army. Whatever it is, we like it and sincerely hope that the new T.G.H. will become a place of happy memories in the long years to follow.

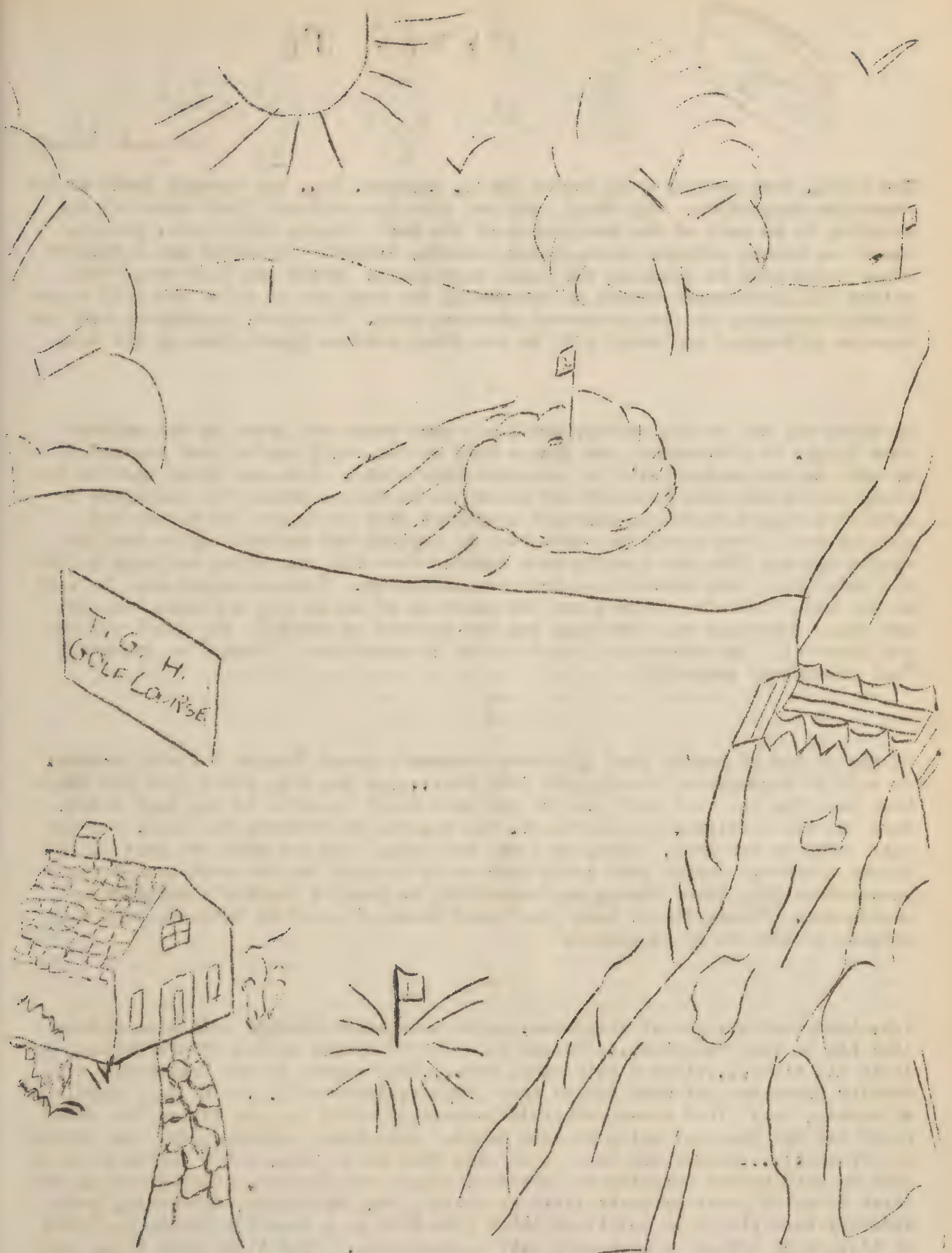
One T.G.H. nurse gulped twice one fine evening and has been almost hysterical ever since. Seems she was enjoying the Club atmosphere with some friends and was noticed by an observant M.C. as "just the type". He invited her and the laughing escort to his home to mind the baby so that he and his wife could take in a movie!

Orson Welles once said that when a woman has her hair piled high she is either on her way to the opera or bound for the shower. I have been noticing the updo's around here lately and must say they are becoming (to every one but me). Anyway, it's too hot to fuss with hair on our collars, and besides it is against regulations to have it hanging. Anyone want to argue the point?

This column has been rather pokey and I know it, and lately, with the influx of new nurses who have been places and seen things, I think I shall have to get on the trail and rout out some of the stories. This is fair warning. No one will be spared, and I do hope the nurses will start jotting down some of their experiences. Who can tell who will be asked first?

-16-





I can dream, can't I? by Pic. E. H. Friedman





# NEVER MET the General by Alfred P. Allen

The NOTAM, camp newspaper at Daniel Field, Augusta, Ga., has brought forth an interesting suggestion. Say they: why not give the soldiers first crack at all materiel to be sold at the conclusion of the war? Jeeps, staff cars, planes, camera s, tents, cutlery, guns, water coolers, athletic equipment and a million other items will be going on the block come peace. After the last war, NOTAM points out, profiteers bought up everything the Army had to offer and sold them-- in many instances to servicemen--at enormous gain. We agree, therefore, with our Georgia colleagues and would like to see other service papers take up the cry.

&

Is there any WAC in the country who lends more charm and grace to her uniform than S/Sgt. Pat Terhune? Not from where we sit....If you've ever wagered \$2 or more on the ponies you'll appreciate this story. Sgt. Ken Myers visited the track during his last week-end off and while wandering around the clubhouse he noticed a ragged, beat-up, decrepit character step up to the \$50 window and place a bet. Just before the next race he noticed the bum step up to the \$100 window and buy five win tickets on a horse. When the same thing happened before the third race, Ken couldn't control his curiosity. "Please pardon me," he said to the bum, "but I've noticed you bet hundreds of dollars on a single race and one thing surprises me. How come you are dressed so poorly? Why don't you buy new clothes?" The character looked at Ken in amazement. "What," he screamed, "and disturb my capital!"

&

On pp. 14 and 15 you'll find T/5 Pearl Jackson's grand "Wactua l Facts" column. We call it recommended reading for this week....By the way, Pearl wins the three-hour pass for the best last line to the poem which appeared in the last issue. Hers was the wittiest, the cleverest, the gayest, the wisest, the best, and the only entry we received. Ergo, my dear, the palm. You may take the pass in 15 minute intervals during your lunch hour every Tuesday for the next twelve weeks ....Another T/5, Sammy Cohen, was commenting on Gabriel Heatter's optimistic broadcasts. "Every time I hear him," said Sammy, "I pack my barracks bags and prepare to turn in my equipment."

&

Sgt. Lenny Marcus, genial inspector, might paraphrase Dickens next time anyone asks him to play pinochle...."Marcus is willin'" should be his byword because he is at all times....plays a fair game, too....Does anyone in the Detachment tell cornier jokes and get more laughs than 1st/Sgt. McCarroll?...We're only kidding, of course, Mac. That who-was-that-lady-I-saw-you-with gag you pulled the other night was the funniest thing we ever heard. (Ed. Note: Listen, PFC, all ratings are frozen!)...Wonder how many of us will want to go back, after the war, to the jobs we held before entering the service? There are GIs who, after spending the first 23 or 25 years of their lives in Joplin, Mo., or Racine, Wisconsin, have suddenly been placed in positions which take them on a moment's notice to Natal or Algiers or Rome or some remote city in Australia. Will it be easy to go back



to that salesman job in Racine when it's over?...Then there are those who, although they haven't done much traveling in the Army, have revised their standards of living or learned a new trade or found a spot in the United States where the grass is greener. We have. It's California for us when the Axis gets its come-uppance. New York's all right, you know, but....

&

Here's a quotation you won't find in the Bible: "...and he gave her wine and nectar." (Read it a loud this time, Charlie.)....A soldier friend stepped into an elevator in an office building in Chicago last Christmas time and found it jammed with pretty stenographers and one young male civilian. The latter looked at the bald-headed GI and mumbled something about "the handsomest man in the car." The girls all giggled and the soldier's face turned brick-red. He turned around. "I may not be the handsomest man in the car," he said, "but it's a cinch I'm the best dressed!"

&

This reporter had a friend in the cast of "Winged Victory," the Air Corps play by Moss Hart which had a cast of 300 servicemen, and managed to get a pair of passes for one of the preview performances. We took our seat and looked through the program to see if there was anyone else in the cast we knew. Just before curtain time we glanced up to see who was on our left. Out of the corner of our eye we saw an officer's uniform and the outline of one gold star on its shoulder. Another slight turn of the head revealed a second gold star and the perspiration started to trickle when we could make out a third. For a moment we sat there with every muscle taut and finally tossed all caution up to the second balcony. Turning full to the left we saw the fourth star and almost let out a high-pitched "Yipe!" It was General Henry H. Arnold, boss of the Air Corps, and, brother, we never spent a more uncomfortable three hours. Military courtesy is not our forte and we almost embarrassed the general and ourselves by saluting him during the intermission right there in Row G. He put us at our ease, though, when he turned to us at the conclusion of the play and murmured something about "fine show, wasn't it?" We nodded in assent (didn't trust our voice) and walked down Broadway afterwards as though our PFC stripes were colonel's wings.

&

The OPA announced a new ceiling price the other day and so from now on a nickel cup of coffee will cost a nickel. If only three-day passes would make a come-back things would begin to have a semblance of normalcy....The Summer Sisters will never learn to take Dick Tracy's advice, will they?....Thirty days hath September, April, June and November. All the rest have thirty-one except February. Is that fair?....We hope that for Hitler this quote from a T. S. Eliot poem comes true: "...this is the way the world ends, not with a bang but a whimper."

&

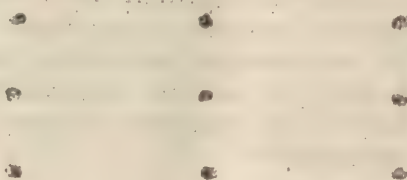
Sgt. Pat O'Niell, a soldier we met several months ago, was a newspaperman in San Francisco and New York before the war. He tells stories in the best tradition of the Fourth Estate but, unfortunately, most of them are unprintable. We asked Pat about James Thurber, one of our favorite humorists, and with whom he had imbibed quite a few at Bleeck's, the N.Y. newspapermen's favorite bistro. Thurber is said to be losing his sight. "He needs help to light a cigarette," said Pat, "but I never saw him miss a drink."



# Can You SOLVE These?

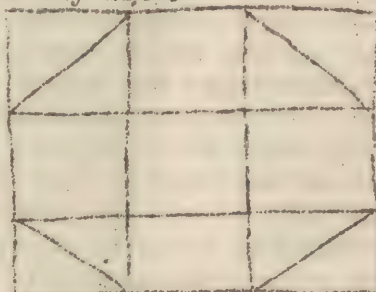
By P. L. E. HERFIEDMAN

- I. Draw 4 straight lines which together will run through all 9 dots. Draw the lines continuously -- not lifting your pencil from the paper and not retracing any part of a line.

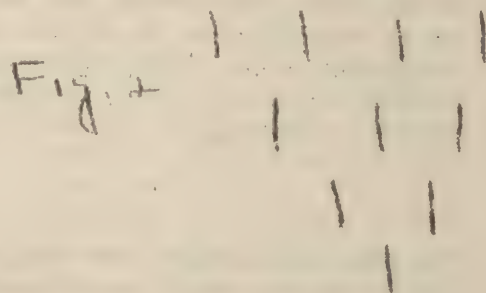
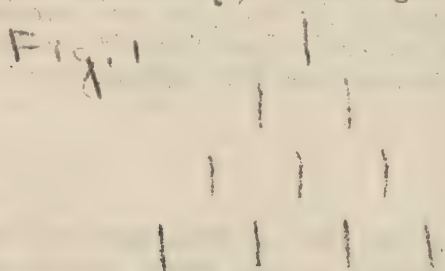


- II. With 6 matchsticks construct 4 equilateral (i.e., all sides equal) triangles. Do not break any matchstick.

- III. Trace the following figure continuously, i.e., do not lift your pencil from the paper and do not retrace any line.

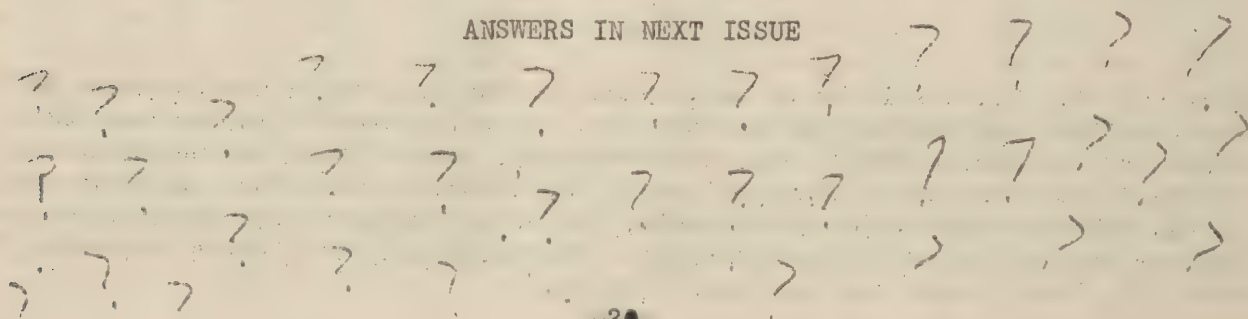


- IV. Given 10 matchsticks arranged as in Fig. 1 below, by moving only 3 matchsticks transform it into Fig. 2 below.



- V. How can you bring up from a river exactly 6 quarts of water when you have only a 4 quart and a 9 quart pail with which to measure?
- VI. A group of ducks came swimming down the pond. There were 2 ducks in front of 2 ducks; 2 ducks behind 2 ducks; and 2 ducks in the middle. What is the smallest number of ducks there could have been?

ANSWERS IN NEXT ISSUE





# LIBRARY HOURS

Medical and Surgical Sections

Daily: 0830-2030

Sundays: 1300-1600

Telephone

Medical Section - 7200

Surgical Section- 7256

# LIBRARY NOTES

## What America Is Reading<sup>1</sup>

( YOUR LIBRARY HAS THOSE STARRED )

### FICTION

Strange Fruit - Smith	*
The Razor's Edge- Maugham	*
A Tree Grows in Brooklyn - Smith	*
The Robe - Douglas	*
A Bell for Adana - Hersey	*
Leave Her to Heaven - Williams	*
Presidential Agent - Sinclair	*
Fair Stood the Wind for France - Bates	*
The Apostle - Asch	*
Joseph the Provider - Mann	*
Bedford Village - Allen	*
Peter Domanig - White	*
Blessed are the Meek - Kossak	*
Land I Have Chosen - Berlin	*
Hotel Berlin '43 - Baum	*
The Steep Ascent - Lindbergh	*
A walk in the Sun - Brown	*
While Still We Live - MacInnes	*
The Red Cock Crows - Gaither	*

### NON-FICTION

Yankee from Olympus - Bowen	*
I Never Left Home - Hope	*
Ten Years in Japan - Grew	*
Good Night, Sweet Prince - Fowler	*
Here is Your War - Pyle	*
War Atlas for Americans	*
A Treasury of American Folklore - Botkin*	
The Curtain Rises - Reynolds	*
The Rest of Your Life - Cherne	
America Unlimited - Johnston	*
Anna and the King of Siam - Landon	*
Look at the World - Harrison	
The Loom of Language - Bodmer	*
America - Benet	
D Day - Gunther	*
The Seas of God - Burnett, ed.	*
The Joy of Cooking - Rombauer	*
Tarawa - Sherrod	*
The Way Our People Lived - Woodward	*

### A Book Worth Reading Again<sup>2</sup>

IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE, and the what they thought in New York when Sam, the Flying Yorkshireman, arrived with his wife.....

"The minute they landed at Newark they were raced off by motor car to the grand suite of a hotel in New York. The the room got full of people who talked to him and talked at him and pinched him and prodded him. Then they asked him to fly.

"Hey, why should all these people see it without paying?" Mully asked.

"This is a publicity stunt," Jim explained. "It's the press. We've got to stir up interest."

So Sam did a few turns around the hotel room, but you never saw anything as suspicious as that bunch of New Yorkers. They climbed on chairs and felt for wires; they prodded Sam again to see if anything was fastened to him; they asked Mully to leave the room so she couldn't possibly hypnotize them, and finally they asked Sam to take his clothes off and fly so they could see there was no trickery, like a little motor in the seat of his breeches.

This was too much for Mully.

"Ah will not leave this room," she said stoutly, "and if ye think ma owd man's off to fly round naked as the day he was born showing everything he's got, well ye're all bahn to hev another think cooming. Now put that in your pipes and smook it."

1. New York Herald Survey, 14 July, 1944.

2. "The Flying Yorkshireman, by Eric Knight.



# practically anything

The guy who first thought of the "good ol' summertime" must have been bats, or maybe he didn't live in New Jersey. Just give me some place where the season never progresses beyond spring, or if it does, just jumps straight ahead to fall, and where the temperature never goes above 80 degrees, and I'd be happy...or what about moving Dix down to the shore for July and August?

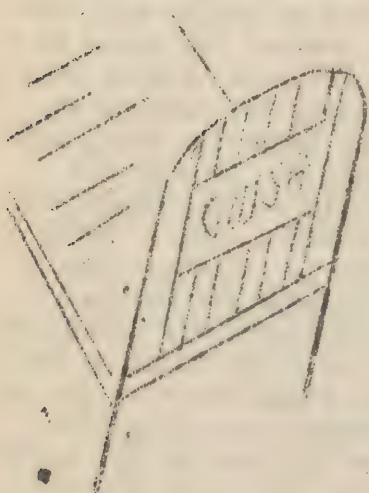
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The recent merger has brought about any number of changes, but one of the most commendable ones is the daily increasing number of pretty civilian girls who have been transferred from what was Station Hospital to what is now the surgical section of Tilton. Many of them eat lunch at the Detachment Mess, so stick around, fellas, and digest your food slowly and pleasantly. For all you know, some of them might even be lonesome after working hours.

\*\*\*

Shakespeare's statement, "Frailty, thy name is woman" has often been incorrectly quoted as "Vanity, thy name is woman." There must be some truth to the incorrect version, and what's more, the Army seems to be aiding and abetting it. It seems that the initial clothing issue for a Wac costs \$118.86, while for an enlisted man it's only \$111.24. Annual maintenance of clothing for a Wac in the United States costs \$106.81, while for an EM it's only \$72.20. It is only in theatres of operation where special combat equipment is issued to GI's that the male animal is more expensive to keep up than is the female. Out in front the maintenance of a soldier runs to \$133.77 and a Wac costs only \$107.68.

\*\*\*



Over at Station Hospital there was once a patient called George Washington, who was assigned to Bed No. 12 in one of the wards. He was eventually cured and discharged, but ever afterward any patient who was put in that bed was told, very naturally and just as truthfully, "George Washington slept here."

Which gets me around to discussing the house I live in, in Bordentown. It's a big pre-Revolutionary War structure which went up around 1760. In a coy mood one day I asked since Trenton is not far away and the house belonged to a officer - whether G.W. had ever slept there, and was told in all seriousness that he was a visitor there but they're not sure of his sleeping there.

In the light - or the dark - of all the places he slept, no wonder they call him the "Father of his Country."



When General de Gaulle was in this country some weeks ago he gave a dinner party at the Waldorf on a Tuesday night. The next thing I knew, there was a news item in the paper saying the General had flown back to his headquarters in North Africa and had arrived there on Wednesday. Much impressed with this example of modern speed I mentioned it to a staff member at the separation center who countered it with an even better story. An officer in the United States Army who was due for discharge left Oran on Thursday morning, came to the separation center and was a civilian by Friday night.

\*\*\*

The latest highlight in the life of ye ed. of Tilton Talk is the arrival of his Russian grammar, he having enrolled in U.S.A.F.I. The enthusiasm he manifested all over the office was terrific for the first few days as he went around looking for people who might be of help to him, linguistically. Then suddenly, in his studies, he found a word he recognized - "droshky" - carriage to you. We almost closed up shop in celebration. What will happen when he meets "vodka" and "tovarich" even he cannot foresee. There'll be no curbing his zeal from then on.

\*\*\*

The properly cooperative spirit was manifested by 1st /Sgt. Weldon Larey who was assigned to the Motor Transport Office on Tuesday and by Wednesday had already made a contribution to Tilton Talk. (This column seems to be full of examples of speed.) Sgt. Larey is recently returned from Iceland with fantastic, but true, stories about white fox skins for eight dollars, beer freezing under the bed, days when it just never got dark, and air conditioning achieved simply by opening the window and letting the 60 degrees below zero weather come right in. The sergeant is in the tall, dark and handsome category, but it seems he is not in circulation, if a picture he just received means anything.

\*\*\*

This next piece is going to have more figures in it, but perhaps the Wacs can use it as an argument in their recruiting drive....The daughter of a major overseas was wondering whether to accept a \$200 a month civilian job or join the Wacs where her base pay would be only \$50. Her father V-mailed her the following economic argument: "Figure it out," he wrote. "\$200 salary less tax \$40, balance \$160; less board and room \$60 and carfare \$6, balance \$94; less clothes \$20, balance \$74; less reserve for sickness \$24, balance \$50; less entertainment and doodads \$15, balance \$35, maybe." The major's daughter joined, for according to her own figuring her father's underestimate for entertainment and doodads would leave her in debt even if she took the \$200 job.

\*\*\*

Here's a GI who can really afford to be magnanimous and let the Army keep his salary after they get through with deductions. He's Pvt. Fred H. Snook of Camp Roberts, California, an infantry trainee. Of his monthly \$50, \$22 goes for family allotment, \$7.70 for insurance, \$18.75 for a War Bond and \$1.50 for laundry. What's left? 5 cents. Cash.

\*\*\*

Apply for your absentee ballot today.



# HERE & THERE AROUND TILTON

WACS of the WEEK: The five Wacs who were signalled out for honors this last month are:

**WACS OF THE WEEK**

July 3-	Pfc. Lillian Zittel
July 10-	Pfc. Helen Louise Taylor
July 17-	Pvt. Ella Mae Kikendall
July 24-T/4	Mary G. Raney
July 31-T/5	Marie Annabelle Ives

It's quite a distinction to be designated a Wac of the Week, and any woman so chosen can rightfully be proud of the honor.

\*\*\*

GOING and COMING: Miss Helen Detweiler, until recently librarian of Tilton's Red Cross Library, and a regular contributor to Tilton Talk, was transferred about two weeks ago to Mason General Hospital at Brentwood, Long Island. New head of all the Tilton libraries now is Miss Vaughan V. Cunningham who until the by-now-famous merger, was in charge of books at Station Hospital.

\*\*\*

TOM SLATER'S SHOW: "This is Fort Dix" was broadcast from the Tilton Red Cross Hall a week ago Sunday, July 23rd, with Slater as master of ceremonies. Though the program followed the regular pattern of most of Tom's shows, there were several special features which made it particularly interesting.

In the first place, two of the interviewees, Pvt. Sidney Feldman and Pvt. Dominic Bernardi, were men just flown back from the Normandy beachhead. In the second place, part of the broadcast came, from Bernardi's bedside in ward 24, and in the third place, the band played an appealing composition by Mrs. Turnbull, "Waltzing and Dreaming."

Originally, it had not been intended to

take the broadcast out of the Recreation Hall, but at noon the discovery was made that Bernardi, whose part was already written into the script, could not be moved out of bed because of an operation he had had on the previous day. What to do? Bernardi's suggestion was to have somebody else read his lines. Well, that was too easy, and besides, it would be depriving him of a radio appearance, so after hurried consultation with the engineers, and much splicing and stringing of wires, a mike was set up in ward 24. A detail of strong men carried the bed, with Bernardi in it, to the sun room - the wires would reach any farther, so the mike had to stand there - and everything went off smoothly. You'd never guess the amount of scrambling and hectic excitement that went on by way of preparation.

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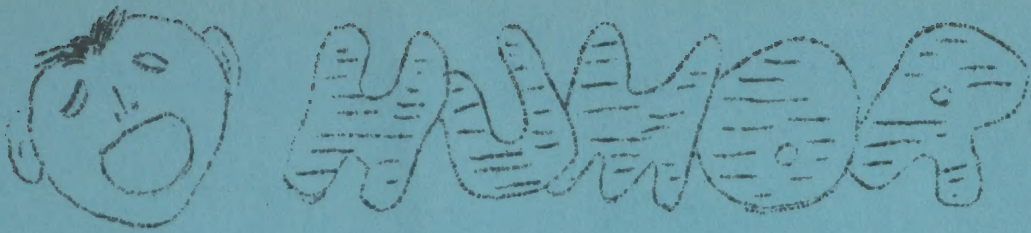
WATERMELON BINGE: If a casual stroller should have casually strolled past the W detachment last Wednesday night at about 9 o'clock he would have seen a sight both to amuse and to tempt. About 60 Wacs were gorging themselves on 10 cold, luscious and huge watermelons, and spitting seeds in all directions. (They're hoping they'll grow). Sgt. Keppel and Pfc. Saavedra did the carving and somehow or other the knife slipped when they cut their own portions. Result - they had the biggest pieces, of course, of course. Dr. was informal.

WAC WATERMELON PATCH

\*\*\*

"MUSCLE MEN" BACK FROM THE MIDDLE WEST- Back from a three-months course in Physical training at Camp Grant, Illinois, are Pfc. Hobart Merritt and Cpl. Nathan Vanderlippe, both formerly MP's, but now associated with the Reconditioning Program.





A trio of young officers going down the street of a little town near Camp Crowder, Missouri, met a new recruit. The recruit knew that he should salute an officer, but he didn't know whether he should salute one or three times. He compromised by saluting with his right hand and holding up three fingers of his left.

Greenwood Gremlin

\*\*\*

He was telling about being invited to a nudist party.

"I rang the bell and out came the nudist butler."

"How did you know it was the butler?"

"Well, it couldn't have been the maid."

Bomb-Bay Messenger

\*\*\*

The GI and his bride were on their honeymoon, and as she wanted to see Niagara Falls they arrived in that lovely city and went to the hotel.

Next morning the bridegroom pulled up the shade and looked out. It was raining.

"No use going out to see the Falls today, honey," he said. So he pulled the shade down again.

When he tugged at the shade the following morning it was still raining; the young bride agreed that there was no use in leaving their comfy room.

Next morning he went to the window, took hold of the cord, and went up with the shade!

Hammond Rx

\*\*\*

The shapely chorine addressed the doctor:

"I want you to vaccinate me where it won't show."

Doctor: "Okay, my fee is ten bucks in advance."

Chorine: "Why in advance?"

Doctor: "Because I often weaken and don't charge anything."

Bomb-Bay Messenger

Little Miss Muffet decided to rough it  
In a cabin quite old and medieval.  
A rounder espied her and plied her with  
cider  
And now she's the forest's prime evil.  
Bushnell Bugle

\*\*\*

A girl who went out with a sailor realized ten minutes later that he was A.W.O.L.F.

\*\*\*

Fanny Fasseltoot's father was the proudest guy in town when his daughter sent him her photo in her new WAC uniform.

He was surprised, however, when the girl's old friends and teachers didn't care to look at it when he approached them with this question:

"How'd you like to see a picture of my Fanny?"

Hammond Rx

\*\*\*

An officer approached the young man in a neatly-fitting uniform and said:

"What's the eighth general order?"

"I don't know," the fellow admitted.

"Have you ever been on guard duty?"

"Nope."

"You don't even know enough to say

'sir'. What outfit are you with?"

"I'm the Coca-Cola man."

Bomb-Bay Messenger

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Clothes may make the man, but with a woman they just serve to show how she's made.

\*\*\*

Diddle-diddle dumpling,

My son John

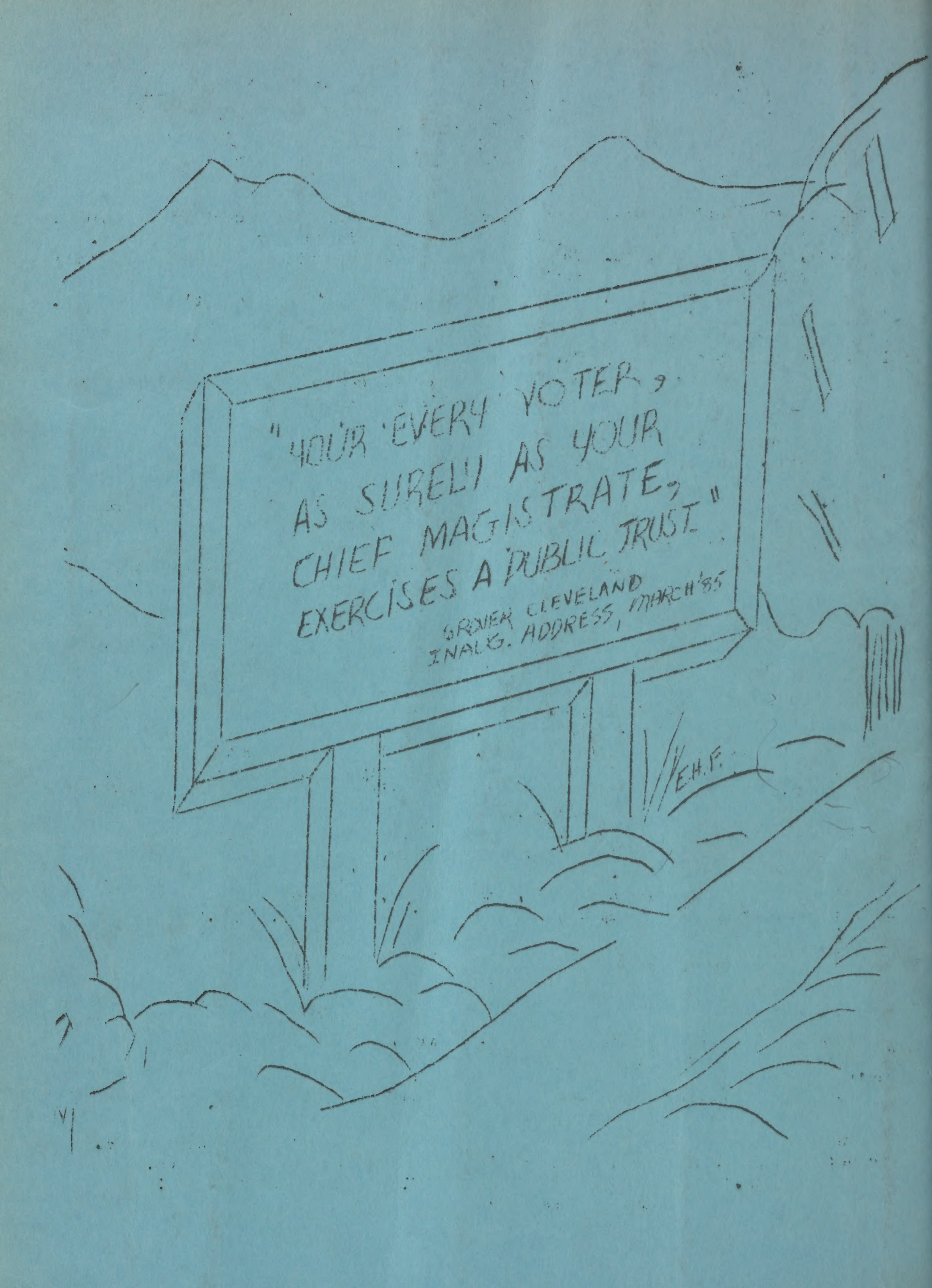
Went to bed with his stockings on.

One shoe off and one shoe on,

Boy! was that kid plastered!

Baxter Bugle





"YOUR EVERY VOTER,  
AS SURELY AS YOUR  
CHIEF MAGISTRATE,  
EXERCISES A PUBLIC TRUST"

GRANER CLEVELAND  
INALG. ADDRESS, MARCH '85

E.H.F.